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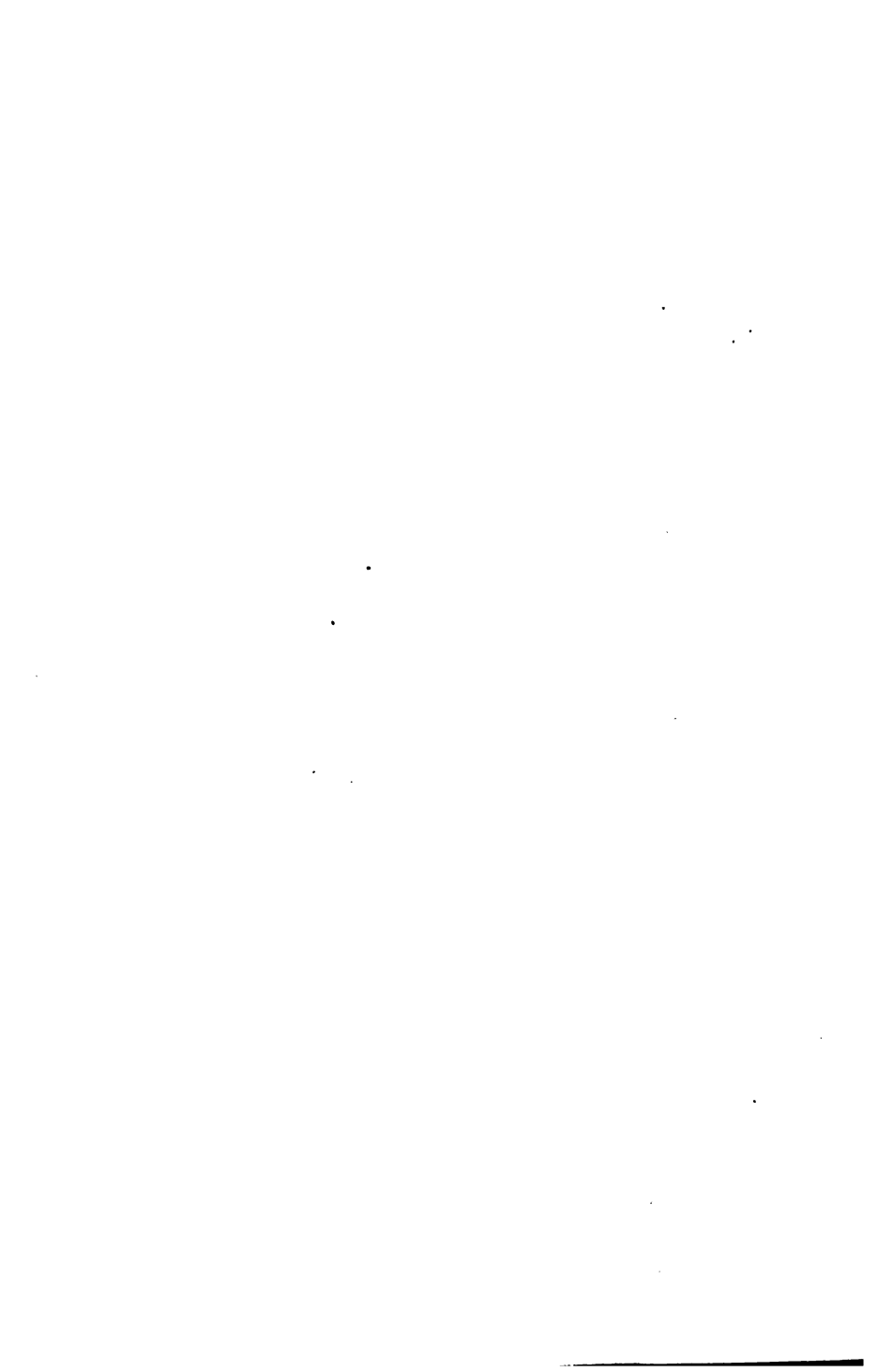
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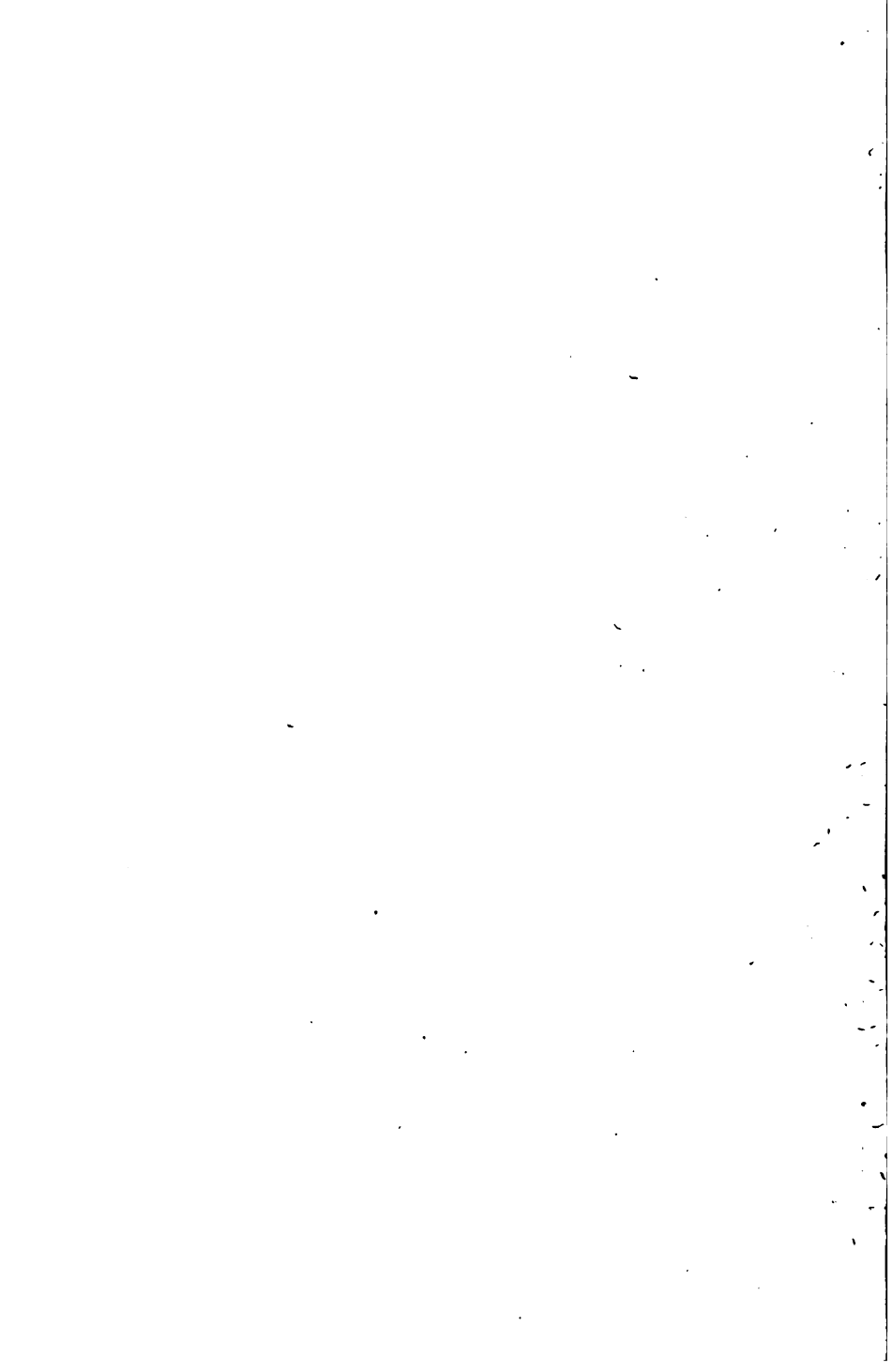
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THE SONG-BOOK OF BETHIA HARDACRE



THE SONG-BOOK OF BETHIA HARDACRE

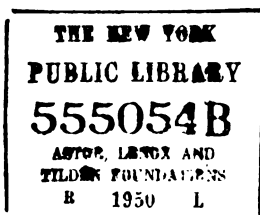
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ELLA FULLER MAITLAND^{MU}

*Author of "Pages from the Daybook of Bethia
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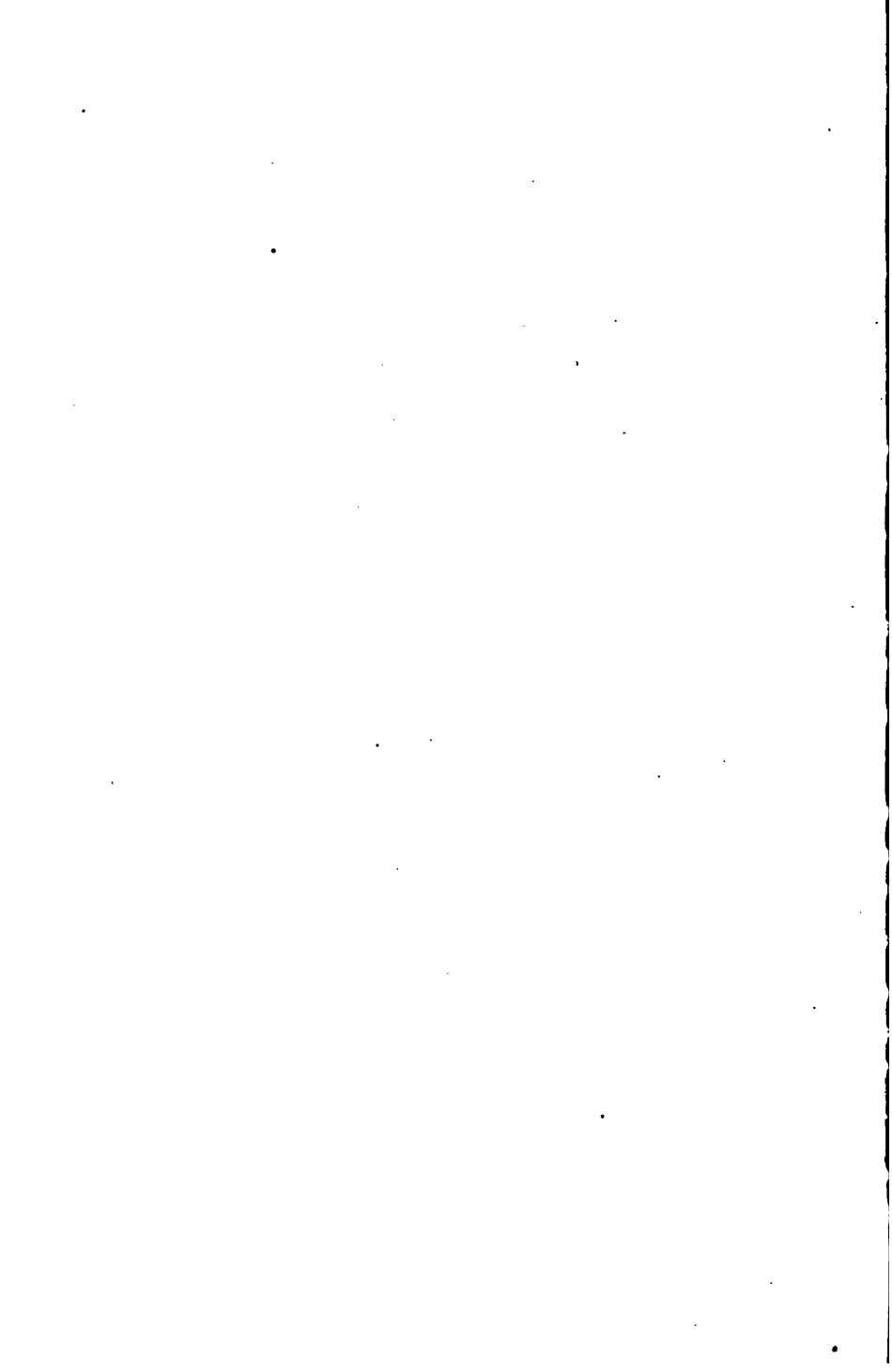
LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED
11, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN. 1897

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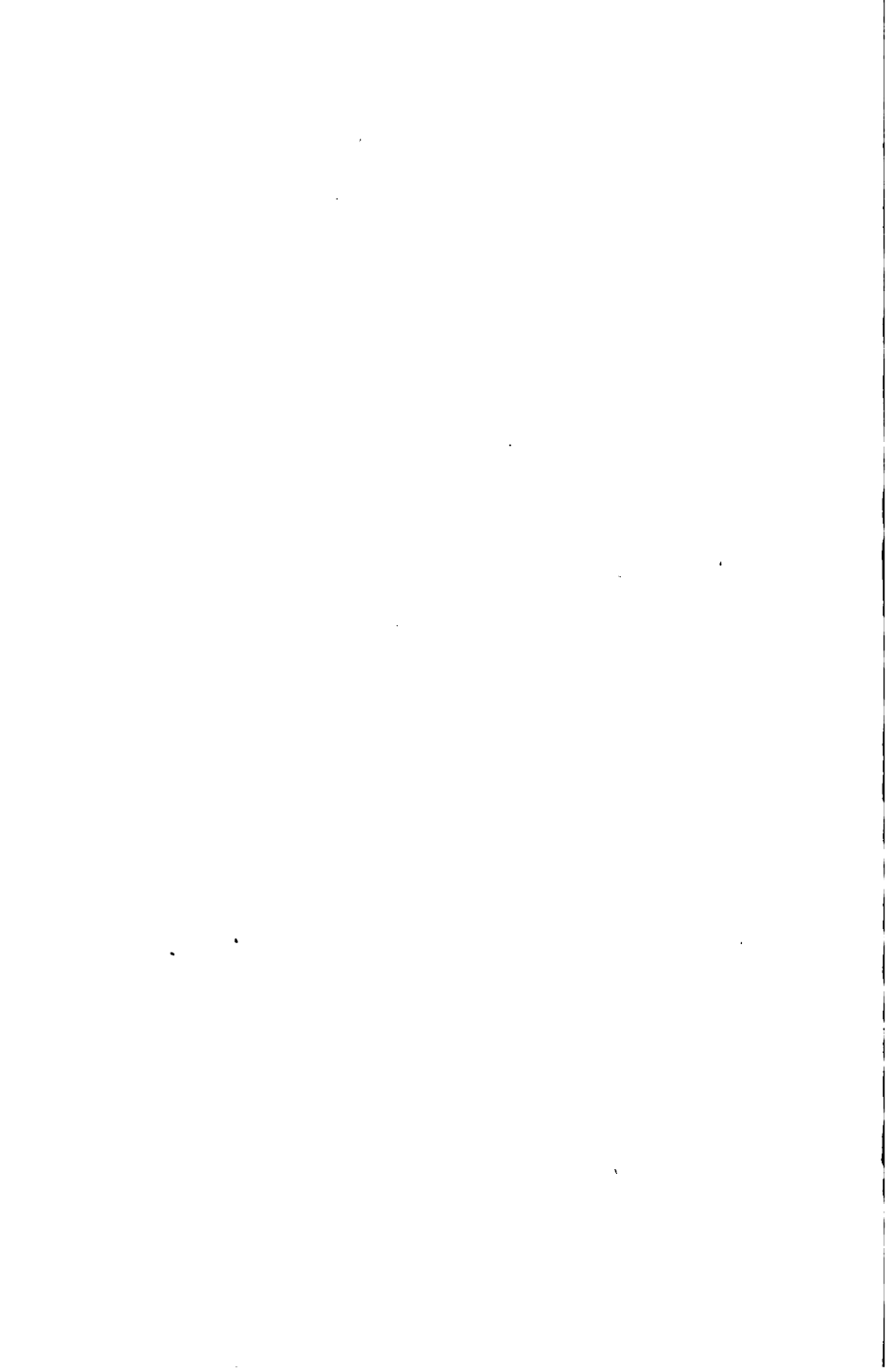
Chiswick Press:—Charles Whittingham and Co.
Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

Πρὸς Ἀράβιον τινα.



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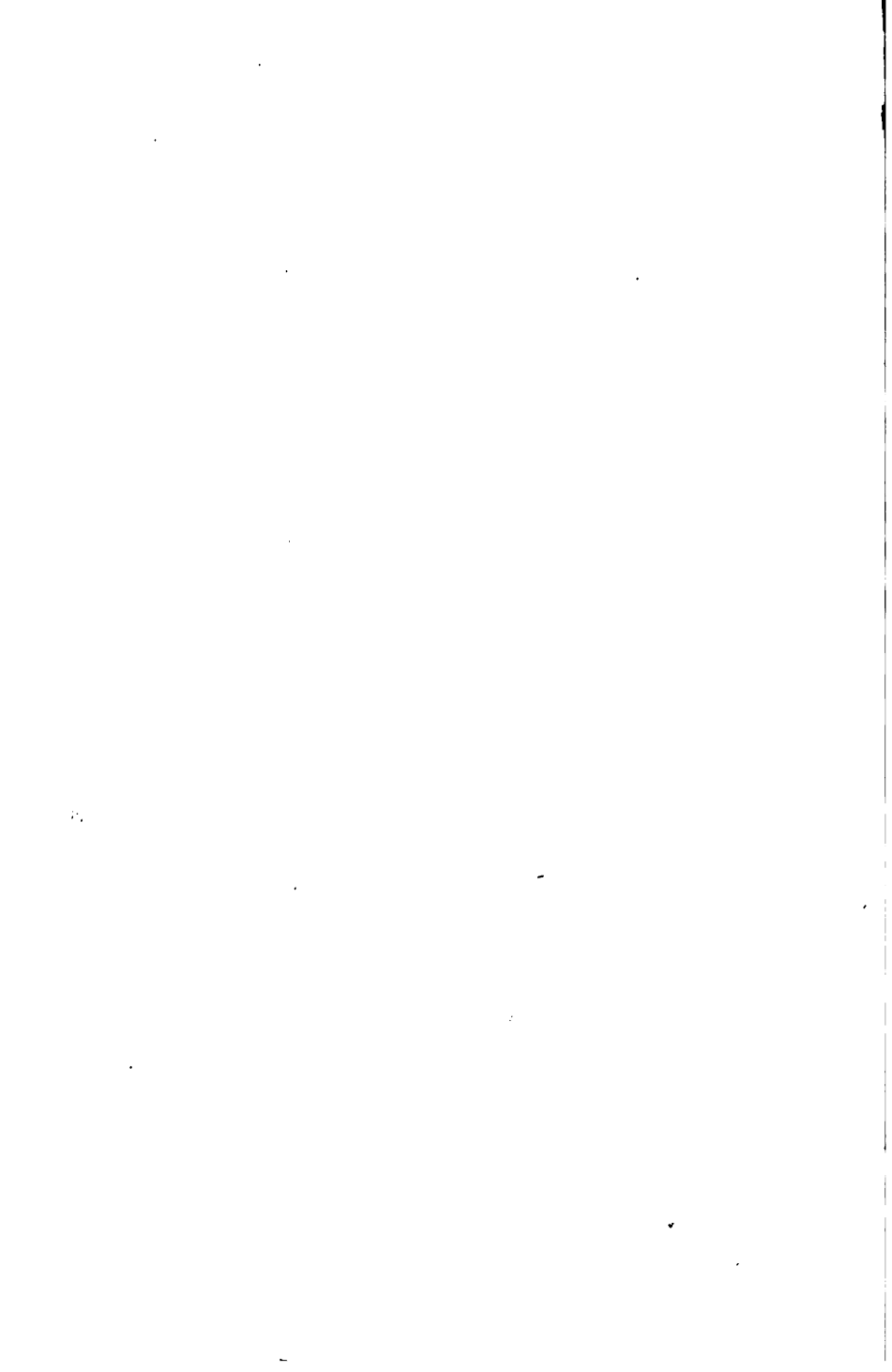
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You do not dig that grave for Him	xviii
You hold the key to every word I write	cxv
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THE SONG-BOOK OF BETHIA HARDACRE.

From

"The Honeycomb of Homage," 1598,

by

Sir Florio Hardacre, Kt.

I.

TO S.¹

SEEING I coulde not plucke Thee from my
Harte,
Parting from Thee, I from my Harte did parte ;
And, owning now Hartes twain in place of one,
Thou canst no longer lacke Compassion.
That Harte, at least, mine Advocate must bee
That first was mine and went from Me to Thee.
And since, erstwhile, did I that Harte possesse
Welle do I knowe its Truthe and Tendernesse.

¹ Sacharissa, daughter of Sir Payrefax Crewsby, Kt. : born 1579, married, firstly, 1599, Giles, first and last Lord Ashmynster, and secondly, 1606, Sir Florio Hardacre, Kt.

From
"The Honeycomb of Homage."

II.
TO S.

BEE true to Me for if Thou dost forswear
Truthe is no longer in this Worlde re-
 maining ;

The very Larke cleaving Dawn's crystall
 Sphere

In joyous Ecstacie is onely feigning.

Truthe but abides untill thy Vowes be broken
Then, seeming Truthe, must blackest Lye be-
 token.

How oft this Voice of mine it didde declare
That I in Thee was Truthe herself beholding ?
That even Truthe herself could not compare
To the sweete Truthes thy Lips were then un-
 folding ?

So Truthe must fade, fail, fall with Thy Downe-
 falling

Be broken, blasted, banished past recalling.

From
"The Honeycomb of Homage."

III.

'T WAS told to Me, nor can I it disprove,
That greate Apollo learnt his Arte from
Love.

IV.

TO MY LOVE.

YES, I confess I love to counterfeete,
To let the Worlde my spurious Image view,
With Parry and with Foile Menne's Gaze to
meete,
To simulate the False, conceale the True:
For thus I deeme I more on Thee bestowe
When onely Thou dost my true Semblance
knowe.

From

"The Honeycomb of Homage."

V.

TO S.

TELL Me, Sweete, are Sighs repayed
Best by Scorn, Disdayn and Frown?
Tell Me, Sweete, when Tears are weighed
Weigh they but as lighte as Down?
Is a broken Harte's Price lesse
Than one lighte with Happinesse?

From

"The Honeycomb of Homage."

VI.

TO S.

FROM the Mightie God that dwelles
In the Sea
Coralls, Pearles and rare-hued Shelles
Bring I Thee.

For He deemes thy Notes belonge
To his Syrenes' silver Songe,
And thy golden Lockes impart
Thou of Mermaydes' Lineage art.

VII.

TO MY SOWLE.

MY virtuous Sowle, methinks, thou art
The Victime of my waywarde Harte;
For when thou wouldst to Prayers be gone
My Harte here biddes Thee linger on:
Telling how on a Daye so fayre
My Love maye to this Meade repayre.

From
"The Honeycomb of Homage."

VIII.

TO S.

WHEN the foreboding Raven's Throate
Makes Musicke sweete as Songe Birde
Note,
When Boreas sheathes his two-edged Sworde
And Violetts blossom at his Worde ;
When Raine-Bowsspanne the Vaultes of Nighte
And Angrie Cloudes showe Silver-White,
When Cravens answer Honour's Calle ;
And Feare holds Heroes' Hartes in Thralle,
When I begin to love Thee lesse
Will I believe thy Faithlesnesse.

IX.

TO S.

THIS Mortale Frame of mine canne I com-
mande,
Seale up my Lippes soe that no Worde they
saye,
Shackle my Feete, staye my caressing Hande,
Nor unto Thee one Proofof Love conveye.
But ah, methinks, how vaine these Fetters bee
Whilst that Thou stille canst drawe my Soule
from Mee.

From
" *The Honeycomb of Homage.*"

X.

OF HER ABSENCE.

SOL is eclipsed, fayre Luna too hath gon
(Would that I were my Love's Endimion !)
Of all the Birdes but Ravens here remaine
And they, forsoothe, strike up no heartening
 Straine.
Six Dayes, six Nightes have wasted since She
 wente
Bearing with her mine Harte and my Contente.

XI.

RECOMMENDATORY LINES

BY R. C.¹

In Laudem Authoris.

TOO late for Mee the princelie Taske to
 claim ;
As Wilde-fire spreads, hath thy Poetick Fame.
All know the Muses in thy Presence wate,
All see their Steed stande champing at thy Gate,
Nor, Tungs doe telle, e'en is there lacking Prooffe
That greate Apollo dwelles beneath thy Roofe.

¹ Sir Robert Chester of Royston, Cockenhatch, Hedley, etc., etc. Born June, 1566. Died May, 1640.

From

*"The Phoenix' Nest, A Store-house of Delightesome
Devices," 1603,*

by

Sir Florio Hardacre, Kt.

XII.

DEDICATION.

To my Worshipfull Friend and Fellow-Servante,
of the Muses, Sir Robert Chester of Royston &
Cockenhatch, Kt. : Authour of "Love's Martyr."

SWEETE Songster, who with Me oft wan-
dered on

The Flowere-enamelled Slopes of Helicon,
Now unto Thee this Tome of mine I bringe,
True Love and Friendshippe's grateful Offer-
ing—

Since when my Muse didde faile to rime or scan
Thou playdst the Parte of Goode Samaritan.

(Saving that Scripture does not telle to us
That in His Beaste He had a Pegasus.)

And if our Straines bee not so sweete as those
With which thy Phoenix-Turtle¹ Stanzas close.
We coulde not all be Shakespeares! yet I deeme
Swannes doe not onelie floate on Avon's Streame,
But Waters also beare a Swanne-like Broode
When We together breaste fayre Royston's
Ffloode.

¹ Shakespeare wrote a Supplement to Sir Robert Chester's "Love's Martyr."

From
"The Phoenix' Nest."

XIII.

SHEEPHERD'S SONG.

MY Sheepe be foolish Things, butte then
They be as wise perchance as Men ;
Fine Fleeces, longe and white, they grow
('Twere well could Shepherds cloathe them so)
Of sweetest Grasse their fille they take,
From crystall Streames their Thirst they slake,
And chuse nor Herbe nor Flouer that is
Able to worke their Weal's amiss.

When through Nighte's sable Sunbeams break
Towards uplande Lawns their Waye they
make,
Cropping the Daysies wette with Dewe
As they their careless Pathes persue ;
When Eveninge Windes blow chille and colde
They seeke the Shelter of their Folde,
And, Fleece by Fleece, lie snuglie tille
Sol once againe lookes o'er the Hille.

From
"The Phoenix' Nest."

XIV.

ANGLING SONGE.

WHERE Spires of argine Medowe-Sweete
Impale the limpid Streame,
And silver Troute with Motions fleete
Through crystall Waters gleame
Right swiftly I my Baskett fille
By dint of daynty angling Skille.

Then where doe Withey's Boughes afforde
Green Arbors, cool and dim,
I sit awhile and gayly laude
All finnie Thinges that swim.
And soe with many a tunefull Laye
I, for their Lives, my Spoill repaye.

From
"The Phoenix' Nest."

XV.
EPITAPH.

HERE lieth One whose Faultes were manie;
Yette
We in her Sorrowes doe her Faultes forgette.

XVI.
"HE SLOWLY FORGETTS WHO
LOVES WELL."

WINDES with Nighte maye die awaye,
Ocean's Waves runne high next Daye.
Stormes may pass but stille the Oke,
Shattered, shoves the Lightning Stroke.
Blossom Winter's Froste has slaine
Springe to Life bringes not againe.

From
"The Phoenix' Nest."

XVII.

TO MY HARTE'S FRIEND THE WOR-
SHIPPFULL AUTHOR OF "THE MIRROR
OF NOBILITIE."¹

THOUGH envious Tongues doe thy Backe-
slidings cite
Vowing thou hast played false Tymes without
count ;
Telling with Thee how White is Blacke, Blacke
White,
Thy Traitor Sowle Deception's basest Fount ;
I judge Thee by mine Harte not by my Minde
And so stille faile Errors in Thee to finde.

XVIII.

OF FEARES.

WHO feares to fighte must 'scape his Life
For Life it is unceasing Strife.
Who feares to die must feare to live
For Life does Hope's Quietus give.
Who feares to love himself must feare
For his own Harte is Love's true Sphere.

¹ See "With Essex in Ireland."

From
"The Phoenix' Nest."

XIX.
OF NECROMANCIE.

MAGICK there be, intrinsick and unfeigning,
Defying Reason, contravening Rules ;
All human Aides, all human Meanes disdeigning,
Confuting Science and the Lawes of Schooles.
Transforming worthlesse Dross to drosslesse
Golde
And meanest Gauds to Wealth of Worth untolde.

Poor Bauble, shattered Playthinge, vaded Flouer,
An idle Scrip, a deade Babe's broken Toye,
The necromantick Influence of this Power
Transmutes to Jewell, Gem, Golde sans alloye.
Converted, changed, by righte of Magick's Spelle,
In Love's or Deathe's transcending Crucible.

From

"The Tragedie of Love," 1628,

by

Colonel Antony Hardacre of The Mount.

XX.

THE SONGE OF LOVE.

LOVE alone does never dye ;
Faithe beneath Love's Pall does lye ;
Hope with Love gives up his Breathe ;
Trust bowes down with Love to Deathe ;
Deedes that tolle Love's Passing-Belle
Tolle for Happinesse as welle.

XXI.

CORINNA'S SONGE.

OH Love's Wordes may be sweete,
But sweeter yet may bee
The Silence when Lippes meete
In Love's mute Ecstasie.
Love holde Mee faste,
This Span of Blisse too swiftly will bee passed.

XXII.

WHY am I sadde, sweete Nurse ? Thou dost
mistake,
I am not sadde. Hartes onelie once can breake.

From
"The Tragedie of Love."

XXIII.

A SONGE OF SADNESSE.

LIFE it is a Dreame of Sorrowe
With a waking long deferred ;
Nichte can onely from Daye borrowe
The sad Songes that Daye hath heard.
What is Hope? Hope is Unrest
Sans Relefe.
What is Love? Love is a Guest
That with Teares doth nourish Griefe.

XXIV.

AH no : believe Me, Griefe it doth not kille :
Were such Woe's Parte, should I be living
stille?

From
"The Tragedie of Love."

XXV.

CORINNA'S SONGE ON MIRAMONT'S
RETURN.

STEEPED, Deare Love, in rare Delighte
Is my Life this Daye ;
Every Griefe is put to flighte,
Every Joy hath Swaye.
Learne I now how Paine doth ende,
How most dolefull Plighte maye mende,
How for sorriest mortal State
Fortune yet can compensate.
Surely winged mine Harte must bee,
Soars it in such Ecstacie
Now that thou art come to Mee.

From
"The Tragedie of Love."

XXVI.

CORINNA. (Before receiving the tidings of Miramont's death.)

NIGH to my Casement screeched the Owle
last Nighte.
Thrice o'er a Shroude obscured the Taper's
Lighte.

* * * * *
Ah mine Eyes itch? 'Tis held a Signe of Woe,
And haplesse Desdemona founde it soe?

NURSE.

Smelle to this Posie. Maybee 'twill imparte
Seeing 'tis Violettes, Comfort to thy Harte.

CORINNA.

I wish no Floures. Wert thou as I e'er sadde
And knew not why thy Thoughts such Sadnesse
had?

From
"The Tragedie of Love."

XXVII.

THE SONG OF CORINNA; GRIEF-
DISTRAUGHT.

(In the Churchyard.)

YOU do not dig that Grave for Him
You dig it, Sir, for Me,
For Me they chant that Requiem
For Me strew Rosemarie.
Your Hande upon my Harte I praye You sette,
Think You that Ice was e'er so chillie yet?

Four Tapers waste besyde the Bedde
On which He sleeping lies—
Two at his Feete, two at his Heade.
I go to screene his Eyes.

(Turning again.)

I praye You, Sir, to whisper in mine Ear
Upon what Errand did I wander here?

From
"The Tragedie of Love."

XXVIII.

FAREWELLE TO SORROWE.

CORINNA.

SORROWE, thou and I doe parte.
After manie Dayes
Unto Thee my broken Harte
Finale Tribute payes.
From this Worlde my Love hath gon,
Think'st thou I canne still live on?
Closely though thou prisonest Mee,
Faste although my Fetteres bee,
Now I slip, I slip from Thee.
(Drinkes the Poison.)

VOICES.

From the Earth this Ladye goes
Sanctitised by manie Woes.

From
" *Lighter Ayres,*" 1631,
by
Colonel Antony Hardacre of The Mount.

XXIX.
TO VIOLETTES.

POOOR Violetts. It is scarcely fayre
To sett your lovely Blossoms there.
Transcendent bee they when they blowe
Amid chille Winter's icy Snowe,
But when the self-same Flouerlets reste
Against the Snowes of that soft Breast,
We onelie see the Violet
Which in each starrie Orb is sett
And cry, " O Eyes of matchless Hue
That e'en eclipse the Violette's blue."

From
"Lighter Ayres."

XXX.

"LOVE CONQUERS ALL."

LOVE conquers all, He conquers Dreade
Makes Heros weake—makes Cowardes
stronge ;

Lyon and Dove commingelèd.
Meeknesse and Strength to Love belonge;
All other Foes though Man defies,
No Warrior's with Love's Prowess vies.

Meeke as a Dove his Waye He wins ;
The gentlest Ladye in the Lande
Feares not when He his Rule begins
Nor seeks his Puissance to withstande ;
Although as wellle maye Ladye hope
With Lyon as with Love to cope.

From
"Lighter Ayres."

XXXI.

SONG.

TRUE Love maye live with Povertie,
True Love maye live with Paine,
But where Deceat and Falsehood be
True Love wille not remaine.
And bye this Token maye You telle
If Love be true or no.—
True Love with Candour fain would dwelle
False Love is Candoure's Foe.

From
"Lighter Ayres."

XXXII.

OF ROSES: RED AND WHITE.

I GRIEVED that I no more my Love
Might liken to the Rose ;
No longer mighte her fair Cheek prove
That Colour as sweete flows
Through Flesh and Blood as ever yette
On Rose's dainty Stem was sette.

Then found I Roses colourlesse,
And lo ! my Harte was glad,
And knew that such pure Lovelinessse
My Love for ever had :
And Roses still I sing, although
As softly White as Snowe they show.

*From the Supplement to
"Lighter Ayres."*

XXXIII.

WRITTEN IN OLD AGE.

ONELY Sad Songes my Lute will whisper
now;
I looke for Bayes to find the Cypres-Bough.
The Calle to Armes no longer doe I hear,
Deathe's Voice alone canne pierce Eld's dullèd
Ear.
Brief, brief, the Span of this our Mortall Daye,
To love, to fighte, to passe for e'er awaye.

From
"Thespia's Spring," 1682,
by
Colonel Endymion Hardacre.

XXXIV.

OF WINTER BLOSSOM.

I BROUGHT her Violetts in the Spring;
They withered ere She wore them.
Roses in Summer did I bring;
They faded as I bore them.
But now that Winter Snows are deep,
Again I see my Posys:
The Violetts 'neath her Eyelids peep
And in her Cheeks the Roses.

XXXV.

OF DEFEAT.

MINE Ammunition all is spent,
No single Shaft doth now remain;
'Gainst Love's majestick Armament
Can I my Heart retain?
Ah no, Man is no Match for Fate;
Love's Victim, I capitulate.

From

"Thespia's Spring."

XXXVI.

TO CYNTHIA.

SWEET is thy Voice and, prithee, let
The Musick and the Words agree,
Lest I the Meaning quite forget
In listening to the Melody :
Tidings so harsh can never bear
Transmission by so soft an Ayre.

Could I believe it were I told
That gentle Philomela sung
How that her Heart as Ice was cold,
And Love no Pity from her wrung ?
Nay, I should swear mine Ears heard wrong
To link such Words to such a Song.

So, that thy Servant may believe
That surely He has heard aright,
Some fitting Message interweave
With Tones enfraught with all Delight :
Then may I take Thee at thy Word,
Knowing that I have rightly heard.

From
"Thespia's Spring."

XXXVII.
OF STARS.

HOW can I cast the Horoscope,
Dear heart, of my most cherished Hope
If that those Stars, thine Eyes, from Me
Are veiled so persistently?
O prithee let thy Servant look
Just once into this Fortune-Book,
And from those starry Depths infer
The Fate of an Astrologer
Whose cruel Task 'tis to divine
Whilst not a Star does on him shine.

XXXVIII.
TO ORINDA.

NOT to its Stem, not to its Leaves,
The Lilly does its Scent consign;
Only its Blossom such receives,
Only its Petals such enshrine.
And as thy Thoughts they are as sweet
As ever Lilly's Odours were,
But dulcet Words alone are meet
Forth such sweet Thoughts to bear.

From
"Thespia's Spring."

XXXIX.
TO CYNTHIA.

THINK not that with your gay Apparel
I fain would quarrel.
'Tis but a Niggard who denies
To Beauty her Accessories.
As well condemn the Violetts blue
For sparkling in the Morning's Dew,
Or Meadows when enriched they be
With Spring-time's sweet Embroidery.

But, when the cunning of the Dress
Provokes a proud Self-consciousness ;
When Girdle's clasp and Riband's tie
Permit the Thrills of Vanity ;
When flowing Silks and Lace I see
Eclipsing sweet Simplicity—
Then, of a surety, I confess
I love not Art but Artlessness.

From

"Thespia's Spring."

XL.

OF THE CASKET THAT I FOUND.

PERCHANCE this Casket it was sent
By Venus, or by Cupid lent,
For though without 'twas pretty plain,
It did such charming Toys contain
As never yet have surely been
In such a homely Casket seen.

Laid tenderly within it were
Graces, and Airs, and Favours rare,
Girdles, and Gloves, and Ribands blue,
Smiles, Dimples, and a Pout or two,
Some silvery Tones, some Golden Hair,
Two Blushes and a Lilly fair.

The Casket I did find
It was my Mind ;
And all the Treasures it disclosed to Me
I own by right of faithful Memory.

From
"Thespia's Spring."

XLI.

LE DEUIL BLANC.

MY Lady did not go
In Sable sad ;
No Cypress signs of Woe
She, mourning, had.
But for Hope dead
The Cheeks, once fairest Red,
In Whitest White for evermore were clad.

From

"Thespia's Spring."

XLII.

SONG.

METHINKS, His Plumes the Raven lent
To my dear Love her Gown to weave
And She has Sable Favour sent
To binde about my Sleeve.
For We are parted, She and I,
And Partings be of Sable Dye.

Methinks, my dear Love's Soul bequeathed
Its Whiteness to her Lips the Day
That She her Words of Farewell breathed
And saw Me ride away.
God keep my Love, and all who be
Alone and Heart-sick as is She.

From
"Thespia's Spring."

XLIII.

ELEGY.

LADIES, bring no Rosemary here,
Set no Pansys on this Bier,
No, not one.
She to whom Death Sleep has brought
With Remembrance and with Thought
Now has done.

In their stead I pray You strew
Lavender and sacred Rue
O'er this Place.
Lavender for Love it is,
And the sacred Rue I wis
Is for Grace.

From

"*Thalia Rediviva*," 1889,

by

The Rev. Sir Endymion Hardacre, Bart.

XLIV.

WHEN SPRING IS NEARING.

HEARKEN all ye who now are fain to know
When Spring is nearing;
Wait not till Winter's gone and March does show
For her appearing.
At such glad times, such happy hours, as when,
The snows departed,
Green fields again delight the eyes of men,
And birds, light-hearted,
In joyous carols raise their voices clear,
'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring for all the kalendar.

To swell brown buds does rising sap begin
In wintry weather;
The feathered things long before March is in
Will pair together.
Later than yesterday will Phœbus set
In this day's skies;
Earlier to-morrow morn than this year yet
He will arise.
What matters, then, the naming of the year?
'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring for all the kalendar.

Drive heaviness from out your hearts, and so
 Make room for gladness ;
Bid discontent and all such dark clouds go
 With Winter's sadness.
When the great pageant of the year we see
 Once more beginning,
And know that Life again the victory
 O'er Death is winning,
Though days be dark and Winter still be here,
'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring for all the kalendar.

From
"Thalia Rediviva."

XLV.
OF ROSES.

WOULDST thou know why those Roses
fair,
Which until just that moment were
Decking her cheeks, did disappear
The minute that Sir Plume came here?
Well, this is why. They did depart
To fortify 'gainst him her heart,
But, finding 'twas of no avail,
And such defence was doomed to fail,
Back to her cheeks they shyly came,
And watched from there the losing game.

XLVI.
OF VIOLETS: BLUE AND WHITE.

WHEN Violets blue do fade away
And Violets white do blow,
Methinks that lovely ghosts are they,
Come back again to show
How when sweet flowers, than Violets blue
No whit less lovely, die,
Death, while it steals their dainty hue,
Steals not their fragrancy.

From
"Thalia Rediviva."

XLVII.
OF WHAT IS BEST.

'TIS not my Delia's Greek or Latin,
'Tis not my Julia's robes of satin ;
'Tis not my Lydia's learnèd airs,
Nor the new modes that Phillis wears ;
'Tis not Belinda's repartees,
Nor Celia's touch of ivory keys ;
Nor yet Clarinda's love of art,
That fires my soul, that wins my heart.
'Tis not for these my life I'd give ;
'Tis not for these my life I'd live.

Nay, rather let me seek and find
Sweet eyes that speak a peaceful mind ;
A voice whose gentle accents mild
Can hush to sleep a frightened child ;
Feet swift to help, hands strong to aid,
A form in innocence arrayed ;
Lips made for tender word and smile ;
A soul which earth cannot defile.
For such as these my life I'd give,
And gladly die as gladly live.

From

"Thalia Rediviva."

XLVIII.

WHEN SPRING REIGNS.

WHY, fair Ladies, would ye fly
To the town's poor pageantry
At the very time of year
That the lovely Spring is here?
When the Primroses are peeping
And the Daffodillies keeping
Carnival upon the green;
When such sweet delights are seen
As the fair and fragrant posies
That each coppice now discloses?
Why, fair Ladies, would ye fly
To the town's poor pageantry
At the very time of year
That the lovely Spring is here?
While the lark from out the sky
Scatters chords of melody?
While from every budding tree
Floats a flood of harmony,
From each glade and from each grove
A true tale of peaceful love?
From each mead the old, old story
Of great Pan's awakening glory—
From his shroud of Winter snow
Rising once again to show
He but slept and did not die?
Why, fair Ladies, would ye fly?

Though Love makes the heart his nest,
Though Hope carols in the breast ?
Though Youth's promise smiling lies
Mid the Violets of the eyes
Not the fairest with her bears
Every charm the sweet Spring wears—
Why then, Ladies, would ye fly
To the town's poor pageantry
At the very time of year
That the lovely Spring is here ?

From

"Thalia Rediviva."

XLIX.

OF CUPID GOING A-MAYING.

ONCE on a time Dan Cupid, playing,
Would like my Lesbia go a-Maying,
And, finding sweet the flower,
He pulled and plucked the snowy May,
Until to bear it all away
Was quite beyond his power.

At this some angry tears he shed,
Vowing 'twas better to be dead
Whilst Maying was in fashion.
" 'Tis a most horrid sport," he cried,
Flinging the blossom far and wide
In a most charming passion.

But Lesbia chancing to pass by,
She also would some posies tie
If kindly he would aid her.
So, gathering more than all before,
Right bravely he the burden bore
The while that he obeyed her.

Quoth smiling she, "An hour ago
Your mighty strength you did not know,
And would not go a-Maying!"
"So plain it is that Love," quoth he,
"Gains strength when Beauty nigh him be,
'Tis hardly worth the saying!"

From
"Thalia Rediviva."

L.

OF JULIA'S GOING TO THE TOWN.

MY Julia went unto the town,
With many a dainty hood and gown;
With many a charming grace and air,
With many a hope and prospect fair.
They said it was a sunny day,
The day my Julia went away.

They said the sky foretold much rain,
The day my Julia came again;
A gown as dainty still she wore,
An air as charming as before.
But hopes and prospects—? Where were they?
Ah, none do know, so none can say.

From
"Thalia Rediviva."

LI.

WHEN APRIL IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

STURDY March has long gone by,
First-born she of merry Spring,
April now is taking wing,
After March away to fly.

Though long since a-dying lay
All the Snowdrops that March bore,
Though with April fades away
Every Violet she wore,
Ladies, sigh not. When such die,
'Tis but proof that May is nigh.

Of fair flowers a lordly share
May unto herself has taken.
Columbines, that maids forsaken
Ever in their garlands wear,
Cowslips—gallant flowers with which
Meadows scatter fragrant gold—
Lilac in sweet odours rich,
Tulips gorgeous to behold ;
Lilies, for our Lady's sake,
White as snow, May's posies make.

Then let March and April go,
Nor let gentle ladies sigh :
Though their blossoms fade and die,
Others fairer still will show.
When the coming May has flown,
With the darlings of the Spring,
Flowers as sweet as yet have blown
Lusty June shall surely bring.
Ladies, grieve not then, nor sigh,
Though your Spring speeds swiftly by.

From
"Thalia Rediviva."

LII.

OF ROSE LORE.

HOW first the bud began to grow,
For all my lore I do not know ;
But when were other Roses seen
From out a sepulchre of green
A fair and fragrant pink Rose came.
White fingers straightway plucked the same
And by-and-by the flower entwined
Just where a bodice slim confined,
With the last mode in Fashion's art,
The pulsing of a gentle heart.
Then custody it changed, somehow,
And lies in safety, faded, now.

From
"Thalia Rediviva."

LIII.
OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

IN snowy Summer garb arrayed
My Phillis sits 'neath verdant shade
Her slender fingers deftly tie
The blossoms which beside her lie—
Lilies, Carnations, Pinks, and Roses—
Into such fair and fragrant posies
That hard indeed it is to say
Which is the sweetest, she or they.

* * * * *
The Summer sunbeams shining down
Disclose the squalor of the town ;
From out the turmoil of the street
Echoes the sound of weary feet ;
Within the close and cheerless room
Dead Roses shed a faint perfume ;
My Phillis she is far away,
And yesterday is not to-day.

From

"Thalia Rediviva."

LIV.

IN PRAISE OF FANCY.

QUOTH Mistress Fortune, "Wouldst thou,
Friend, have wealth,
Eternal youth, condition, love, or health ;
Would wit or wisdom, prithee, please thee best,
Learning or conduct ?"—Ah ! 'twas but in jest
She put the questions ; for a jade is she,
Who loves too well to sport and play with me—
To see my cunning when I'd hide a sigh,
Or pass a cherished hope unnoticed by.
But, thinking on't, I thought I could resign
All such fine gifts, were fancy always mine ;
For, fancy mine, all else belongs to me,
And London town becomes sweet Arcady.

From
"Thalia Rediviva."

LV.

AN INVITATION.

FORGET now, if you can,
The wiles and ways of man ;
The craft, the cunning, and the endless tricks
Which some call politics ;
Forego, if but awhile, the bonds and rules
With which Dame Fashion's fools
Are grinding in the town
Their souls and bodies down.
In sunny meadows lies the new-mown hay,
And in cool shades the jocund children play.

Roses, both red and pale,
In garden plots prevail ;
Carnations from their sheaths are breaking out ;
Lilies are set about ;
With gay Sweet-Peas—purple, and striped, and
white—
Green trellises are dight.
Scattered are nosegays rare,
Here, there, and also where
Right many a girdle clasps a snowy gown.
Come, surely it is time to leave the town.

Since that the world was young,
Since that old Horace sung
The sweet delights of the famed Sabine farm,
Great Pan has lost no charm.
His flowers are sweet as e'er they were before ;
His birds sing as of yore ;
His balm he still reveals,
Still jaded souls he heals
In these our days as when from ancient Rome,
Not modern London, did his votaries come.

From
"Thalia Rediviva."

LVI.
TO —.

I PRITHEE spend
The coming Christmas season with a friend
Who'll welcome thee,
If for naught else, for past Yules' memory.
So quickly come ; and, though
Bedecked with frost and snow
The meadows lie
We will defy
Old Winter's sharpest breath and bitterest wind.
Whilst all within the house be warm,
Without may rage the storm,
And peace and goodwill we, in verity, shall find.

Come and behold
How hearts are yet unchilled by Winter's cold ;
How girls and boys
Are all agog for playthings, gauds, and toys ;
How lads and lasses still
Their golden parts fulfill ;
How bright eyes shine,
As white hands twine
Green wreaths of Holly, Ivy, Box, and Yew.
Youth can be never out of date ;
And, though the time grows late,
As in the days long gone, young hearts are beating true.

Then, should we tire
Of wintry pageants and a Yule-tide fire,
We'll out and learn
How Winter clears the way for Spring's return.
Stripping the boughs once more
Of russet Autumn wore.
Hushing each bird,
That none be heard
To drown the first soft notes that tell the year
That barren Winter has gone by,
That jocund Spring is nigh,
Soon, very soon, to be, with all her blossom, here.

From
"Thalia Rediviva."

LVII.

OF ROSES AND SNOW.

THOUGHT I, "'Tis Winter;" then I thought,
 " Not so,
Not in chill Winter do such Roses blow ;"
For o'er her bodice Roses sweetly played,
And to her cheeks with lovely cunning strayed.
Thought I, "'Tis Summer ;" then I thought,
 " Ah, no,
Since all these Roses rest on driven snow."

From

"Thalia Rediviva."

LVIII.

ON THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

GENTLE Ladies, put away
Sombre Yew and Cypress drear ;
But with Laurel, but with Bay
Should ye crown the passing year.
If the sands again have run
'Tis because the victory's won
And unto completion
Now the year is brought.
Not with sadness,
Then, but gladness
Should your hearts be fraught.

Not a bird its trust betrayed
In the twelve months that have gone ;
Not a flower in death was laid
Until here its part was done.
Summer, Winter, Autumn, Spring,
One and all, in turn did bring
The most perfect garlanding
That each tide allows—
Daffodillies,
Roses, Lilies,
Heather, Holly boughs.

Ladies, all your plaints and tears
 Could not dim night's starry sky,
All the weight of human fears
 Could not cloud day's radiancy.
Song as sweet as e'er was sung,
 Blossom fair as ever sprung
Since old Time himself was young,
 Forth this year has brought ;
 Not with sadness,
 Then, but gladness
Should your hearts be fraught.

From

“Thalia Rediviva.”

LIX.

OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

WHEN that jocund Spring is here
And Violets blue 'neath hedges peer—
When Cowslip bold and Oxlip pale
Adorn the dell and star the dale—
Methinks that 'tis the time of year
Which most of all becomes my Dear.

When Summer with her glorious train
Of sultry hours reigns once again—
When heavy hangs each Rose's head
With languor of much sweetness bred—
Methinks that 'tis the time of year
Which most of all becomes my Dear.

When Autumn steals o'er weald and wold,
Bespangling every copse with gold—
When Violets ope their eyes anew,
And sleeping meads are white with dew—
Methinks that 'tis the time of year
Which most of all becomes my Dear.

When Winter, softly passing by,
With snowy plumes veils earth and sky—
When Snowdrops in God's acre prove
That Death is not the end of Love—
Methinks that 'tis the time of year
Which most of all becomes my Dear.

From
" *Ad Bethiam,*" 1895,
by
Antony John Hardacre.

LX.

OF BETHIA'S TRINKETS.

QUOTH I to her one day, " Tautologist thou
art
To wear that shining cross linked to that crystal
heart."
Quoth she, " Can woman's heart e'er from her
cross be far ? "
Quoth I, " Alas, dear child, the self-same things
they are."

LXI.

OF HER CRYSTAL HEART.

" **W**HO gave," I said, " this crystal heart to
thee ? "
" Unto myself I gave it," answered she.
" It had been broken, the poor heart ; and so
The price he asked, the vender said, was low.
Hearing his reason, could I turn away
As though ten shillings were too much to pay ? "

From
"Ad Bethiam."

LXII.

THE PROMISE OF SPRING.

HAVE patience still ;
Spring yet shall all her joyful tasks fulfil.
She tarries long,
But all is ready : each bird knows his song,
Each flower has got by heart
Its fair or fragrant part ;
And, given the word,
Each bud and bird
Will proudly bring the lovely pageant on.
Have patience ; sweeter, sweeter far
Long-hoped-for treasures are
Than any we may have, without such waiting,
won.

Almonds will crown
With beauteous pale-pink garlands branches
brown ;
White-thorns will prove
How sweetly silver may with green be wove.
Orchards their snow will throw
On daisied lawns below ;
Spires of soft bloom—
Plumes of perfume—

Lilacs will lift through Spring's translucent air.
Jove will descend to earth again
In showers of golden rain,
Whilst Danaë's heart is won by flowers Laburnums bear.

Then throstles will
From scented choirs such glorious notes distil
As if before
No lavish birds had scattered Nature's store ;
Then larks will proudly sing
Her praise as if no Spring,
Till this one, had
Made small birds glad.
Then cuckoos will with such fresh wonder call
As though the sands had just begun
Through Time's hour-glass to run,
And earth was holding there the opening
carnival.

Nor there alone
Her gentle presence to us is made known.
Spring comes also
To precincts where no birds or blossoms show.
Softly she enters in
Amid the roar and din
Of the great town
That cannot drown
The subtle message of her whispering winds.
Then young and old, then each and all,
'Neath her enchantment fall,
And in a thousand hearts an answering thrill
she finds.

From
"Ad Bethiam."

LXIII.

A SPECIAL PLEADER.

"**H**OW I hate lamps," Bethia frowning cried,
(Our poverty electric light denied),
And when to ask her reason I went on,
Promptly she answered thus my question :
" By lamplight was it that poor Psyche gazed
Upon her lover, and with joy amazed
Dropped from the horrid thing a little oil—
Giving herself, so, years of pain and toil :
Had she electric light within her room,
She might have seen Love, yet escaped her
doom."

From
"Ad Bethiam."

LXIV.

FROM A DRYAD.

I COULD not live in verdant groves
Of lowland Elm and Lime,
Where golden freight of harvest proves
The wealth of southern clime.
O'er moors that purple Heather floods,
By rocks with Wild-Thyme lit,
Through ebony and silver woods
Of Pine and Birch I flit.

My feet those meadows could not press
Where Bluebells do not spring,
Where Pansies (Love-in-idleness)
Give no gay garlanding.
The song of languid streams to me
A message is unknown,
I only love the melody
Shrined in quick water's tone.

From
"Ad Bethiam."

LXV.

THE POETS' EROS.

IN antique times was Love portrayed
As a gay, mocking boy, who played
With blossoms, birds, or laughing maid.

The doves that bore his mother's car
His playmates now no longer are :
His sparrows, too, have wandered far.

The eyes where once brave laughter shone
Are wistful, and the lips are wan :
The Roses from the cheeks have gone.

And yet, for all the new disguise,
The pallid cheeks, the wistful eyes,
Some the old Eros recognize.

And know it is by such quaint wiles
That he the long, long way beguiles,
And still behind his mask Love smiles.

From
"Ad Bethiam."

LXVI.
COME AWAY.

COME away,
Come where golden beams of May
Swift the sunny hours beguile ;
Where on Wealth and Fashion smile
Beauty, in her garments gay,
Innocence, in white array ;
Where his lordship's team of grays
And Sir Plume's high-stepping bays
Air their breeding and their paces,
As my lady airs her graces,
Silken skirts and dainty laces ;
Where a throng of pretty faces
Bid thee come, and bid thee stay.
Come away, then, come away
From the haunts where live and die
Souls in pain and infamy ;
From the dens where sunken eyes
Catch no glimpse of sunny skies ;
From the poisoned, fetid air,
From the wretched purlieus where
Squalor, Degradation, Sin,
Hopeless victims daily win.
Something *must* be done, we say ;
Fair the promises of May ;
Come away.

From
"Fancy's Fairings,"
by
Bethia Hardacre.

LXVII.

TO A HEALER OF THE SICK.

IN vanquishing their fellow men some claim
The Laurel wreath, the trumpet blast of fame:
The guerdon of high honour you attain
Not by defeat of others but their gain.

LXVIII.

OF LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

THEY say that Love is blind. As proof 'tis so
Vast intuition lovers truly show,
And, blindness quickening every other sense,
Love very likely does with sight dispense.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

LXIX.

A REPLY.

(*To——, who asked if she should bring me any Books or
"Comforts."*)

BRING me the book whose pages teach
The fortitude the Stoics preach,
Bring me the tome within whose scope
There lies the quickening of dead hope ;
Bring me the comfort of a mind
That good in every ill can find,
And of a heart that is content
With its desire's relinquishment.

From

"Fancy's Fairings."

LXX.

OF BLOSSOMS MEET FOR ALL
SEASONS.

BLOSSOMS meet to mourn the dead
On each season's grave are spread ;
Lilies white and Roses red
O'er dead Spring are canopied ;
Roses in their latest bloom
Blazen golden Summer's tomb ;
Stealthy showers of petals fall
At still Autumn's funeral ;
But the darlings of the year
Strew rude Winter's sepulchre.

Scarce a flower does Winter own ;
Of four seasons he alone
Scarce a bud does to him take—
Barren for the future's sake,
Well content to none possess ;
And sweet Violets—faithfulness—
And white Snowdrops—innocence—
Are in death his recompense ;
And these darlings of the year
Strew rude Winter's sepulchre.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

LXXI.

RHADANTHE'S PRAYER.

(Out of the Greek.)

MY Love, a mariner, to sea has gone.
Transform me, Jove, into a halcyon.

LXXII.

OF AUTUMN.

SILVER, and pearl-white sky,
Hills of dim amethyst,
Bracken to gold changed by
Autumn, the Alchemist.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

LXXIII.

THE SONG OF CASSANDRA.

F AITHFUL lover, dost thou think
That thou now art safe from sorrow
When to-day is but the brink
Of a yet unseen to-morrow?

Faithful lover, softly tread,
Knowing not where thou art going—
Paths as gaily trod have led
To the grave of wooing.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

LXXIV.

FROM THE SHORES OF STYX.

"RETURN, sad Spirit, to your mortal frame."
"Why should I, when from it so glad I
came?"

"Return, the order of release came not
From the dread Fate ordaining mankind's lot."

"If hither come but at my own behest,
Wearied and worn, I crave at length for rest."

"No matter, Earthward now your way retrace,
And in life's turmoil take again your place."

"My way retrace to feel anew the sting
That drove me here broken with suffering?"

"Ay, or consign unto a craven's grave
The body that the Gods for honour gave."

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

LXXV.

TO —.

MY thoughts to-day would take the air,
And straightway north of Tweed repair,
To Highland realms of brae and ben,
Of rushing river, wooded glen
(And of those countless silver rills
That link the valleys to the hills)
Of sacred Rowan, sombre Pine,
Of Whin whose sturdy spikes enshrine
E'en in fierce March's wind-blown hours
A golden heart of honied flowers,
Of Primrose, Violet, Daffodil,
Of odours that the moors distil,
Of every scent and sound and sight
Of solace, sweetness, and delight.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

LXXVI.
OUT OF THE SPANISH.

(To an Invalid.)

SPEAK not so ruthlessly of strength denied,
Scorn not days tuned to Autumn's ruined
tide ;
Groves in their pride cast shadows on the grass,
Through leafless boughs the Heaven-sent sun-
beams pass.

LXXVII.
WRITTEN IN MY COUSIN JULIA'S
BIRTHDAY BOOK.

(Against the date January 8th.)

I CANNOT for my birthday claim
A flower-lit day of Spring ;
Nor one with Roses all aflame
Such as does Summer bring.
Drifted 'mid flakes of icy snow
To this strange world I came ;
"Whence ?"—Julia, that I do not know ;
"Whither ?"—I say the same.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

LXXVIII.
TO LETTY

(Who wonders why peacocks are counted unlucky).

DEEM it not strange that such fine creatures
should
Betoken evil fortune and not good,
Since peacocks are the proudest birds of all,
And pride, remember, goes before a fall.

LXXIX.
TO THE SNOWDROPS.

O FRAGILE flowers, whose downcast looks
betray
Ye'd fain withhold what ye are schooled to say,
Well are ye chosen, messengers most meek,
Most gentle heralds, tidings now to speak
That tell old Winter that his end is near.
Pallid ye come, ay, pallid with the fear
Of bitter Winter—boisterous Winter—who,
For all his roughness, can but smile on you ;
Who paling, shrinking, trembling at each breath,
So bravely give to him the call of Death.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

LXXX.
OF HOPE.

OFT perjured Hope, how can you us ensnare
Day after day ?
Day after day how is it that you dare
Lead us astray ?
Time after time how can you so forswear,
Nor fear we shall
Break through the thrall,
And tell you how you lie with promise fair ?

Ah, this is why Hope can deceive us so :
She goes blindfold.
Could we but see her eyes, well should we know
The lies she told.
For eyes, they cannot play a traitor's part ;
And though lips may
The will obey,
Eyes only speak the promptings of the heart.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

LXXXI.

A SONG OF WILLOW.

HER wreath Ophelia on a Willow hung,
Before she passed away ;
A song of Willow Desdemona sung,
Ere down to die she lay.
A song of Willow heart-sick Barbara had,
And, dying, sung when he she loved proved mad
Dido stood with a Willow in her hand
Upon the lone sea-shore ;
That night Æneas left the Libyan strand,
Faithless, to come no more.
So, Ladies, has the Willow ever been
Emblem of grief to maid, and bride, and queen.

From

"Fancy's Fairings."

LXXXII.

OUT OF THE GREEK.

PHANION, my love for thee is as a sword
To which my being doth a sheath afford.
Phanion, my life without thee is a shrine
Plundered and spoiled of all it held divine.

LXXXIII.

TO CICELY: WHOSE LIFE IS SAD.

ALL seasons have their flowers : thy blossoming time
Is the dark tide of Winter's frost and rime :
Fate owns her Snowdrops who of life but know
Sorrow's fierce blast and suffering's icy snow.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

LXXXIV.

TO WILLOWS.

TO all the Willows in the land
Now greetings do I send,
Bidding them know that I do stand
Ever their faithful friend
And honoured hold the time of year
When catkins on slim boughs appear.

"Withy is weak" the proverb tells
"But many woods he binds;"
And in the truth that therein dwells
My heart some comfort finds,
Hoping that weakness also can
Not only things ignoble span.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

LXXXV.

TO VENUS URANIA.

THE garlands on thine altar laid
Time cannot touch, death cannot fade;
The hearts that worship at thy shrine
The fires of pain can but refine.

LXXXVI.

THE FLOWERING ALMOND.

YEAR after year, when Winter has gone by,
And London's smoke eclipses March's sky,
Spangling with rosy bloom the dusky air,
Its slender branches flowery burdens bear.
And none, methinks, did ever show more fair
In Eastern gardens, or home pastures where
Thrush's soft trill and linnet's silvery note
Down golden alleys of warm sunlight float
From orchard choirs, hung o'er with ruddy snow,
To listeners, pillowed on green turf below.

Ah, lovely flowers, right well ye testify
That 'twixt our sordid earth and murky sky,
If man so will,
Things pure and fair and sweet may blossom
still.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

LXXXVII.

COR AD COR LOQUITUR.

A LAS my Mind, oft dost thou fail to span
The mystical abyss 'twixt man and man.
Rejoice, my Heart, swift as is shaft from bow
The course which speech from heart to heart
doth go.

LXXXVIII.

AN AIR OF SPRING.

LOVE is the Spring,
For Love brings forth
The fairest, freshest flowers,
And posies of the rarest worth
Love on the Lover showers—
Smiles sweet as ever Violets were,
Looks fairer than the Lilies fair,
Hopes gayer than the buds that spread
Green boughs with daintiest white and red.
Ay, Love is Spring,
For Love does bring
Flowers fair and fresh as ever yet
Green boughs with dainty sweets beset.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

LXXXIX.

TO—: WHO IS IN THE COUNTRY.

'TIS your turn now
To leave Arcadia, and awhile learn how
Your kinsfolk thrive
Amid great London town's tumultuous hive.
And, if you have the mind,
Here of a truth you'll find
The city has
Things comely as
E'er blossomed in your pastures green.
Lengthening are now the days;
And, for all London's haze,
The sun's bright rays may be within our borders
seen.

Yes, come, and feel
The throb of life and what life can reveal;
Come, so to place
Your fingers on the pulse for a brief space
Of the great mystery
We call humanity.
Nature's not found
Only on ground
Sacred to feathered choirs and sylvan flowers.
Her sceptre in our streets she wields
As in your woods and fields,
Since that her rule includes these untamed
hearts of ours.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

XC.

OF BLUE AND YELLOW.

(From the masque of Pan and Politics.)

Enter Corydon, Strephon, and Phillida.

CORYDON.

MY Phillida is good and wise
And to her colours true.
But, were 't not so, we by her eyes
Would know that she is Blue.

STREPHON.

List not, my Phillida, I pray,
To that most foolish fellow.
Since ever golden locks betray
Their owner to be Yellow.

CORYDON.

Time changes golden locks to gray
But eyes once blue are blue alway.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

XCI.

**TO MY UNCLE, THE REV. SIR
ENDYMION HARDACRE.**

NOW truly we
In London town have got ahead of thee.
Thou mayst outrun
Us all too soon, but meanwhile we have won
A glorious victory
Over rusticity ;
And budding trees
Thy servant sees
Whilst thine still sleep in all their sylvan pride.
Prithee, are yet thine Almonds out ?
Speak truly, and small doubt
But that the answer will with Laurels crown my
side.

Green is our grass
As meadows o'er which rustic footsteps pass.
Our dusky squares
Sport many a branch that Spring's embroidery
wears.
Such foliage now endows
Hyde Park's Horse-chestnut boughs
As well I know
Thine cannot show ;
lxxviii

And ah, to think the Flower-Walk should unfold
Sights that, in certain parterres trim,
The watchful eyes of him
To whom these lines I write do not, as yet,
behold.

And grudge us not
Favours that sweeten for a while our lot ;
But grant to us
What Dives well can spare to Lazarus.
Think of thy days to come,
Thy overwhelming sum
Of summer flowers,
Thy fragrant showers
Of rosy petals scenting night and day,
Of all thy Lilies blowing where
Sweet sober Lavender
Borders with dainty spikes thy pleasant garden
way.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

XCII.
OF BEAUTY.

ALL loveliness is as an instrument
Of which the strings are sight, and sound,
and scent ;
And every string a varied note may strike,
But each belongs unto the lute alike.
And joyous though the single note may be,
Yet it pertains to solemn minstrelsy ;
And loveliness is unto us inwrought
With plaintive musing and with wistful thought.

XCIII.
TO —.

("The labourer is worthy of his hire.")

THE Labourer is worthy of his hire,"
And for my toil I some return require :
On the performance of each arduous task,
To see you is the payment that I ask.

From

"Fancy's Fairings."

XCIV.

TO —.

THOU tellest with a touch of scorn
Of how the friends have multiplied
Of one who lived erstwhile forlorn,
Till in his favour turned the tide.
Not so : no grievance here thou hast,
Though more esteemed than in the past.

When on a day of sun and rain
I look upon this distant view,
A sunny gleam makes objects plain
Of which in shadow naught I knew.
And till Fate smiled on thee could we
Appraise thy worth, not knowing thee ?

XCV.

THAT THE BATTLE IS NOT TO
THE STRONG.

NOT to the sturdy Oak, the storm-proof Pine,
Does Heaven hope's message unto man
consign,
But takes a Snowdrop, flower of all most frail,
To teach how life shall over death prevail.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

XCVI.
OF COWSLIP-BALLS.

IF to make Cowslip-balls you have a mind,
Haste to the fields the fragrant spoil to find
Before the busy world is out of bed,
As flowers then plucked have freshest scent, 'tis
said.

When wicker baskets and white hands are full,
From each green stalk the golden blossom pull,
And set the same a slender string athwart.
If, as is likely, you no string have brought,
A silken lace, or such a riband blue,
As binds fair locks, will, as a makeshift, do.
Then with such care, that not a flower can fall,
Tie up the cord, and lo—a Cowslip-ball!

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

XCVII.

A SONG FOR LETTY.;

SIR THROSTLE is the choice of Sue ;
Robin of Mistress Nell ;
No bird as Bullfinch pleasures Prue,
Sad Ciss loves Philomel.

Dick lauds the Linnet, Hal the Lark,
Wren, Chaffinch, Tit, all have their spark ;
But I unto my heart admit
Each bird that sings as inmate fit.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

XCVIII.
OF THE NEW-FANGLED WOMAN.

WHEN women in their rôle succeed,
To rival men they see no need :
When women fail as women, then
They think to try again as men.

XCIX.
TO A "REALIST."

("The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.")

THE letter only doth thine art express,
Lacking the spirit, void and purportless :
An empty shrine, a lamp without a flame,
A lute from which no music ever came.

From

"Fancy's Fairings."

C.

THE COURTS OF SPRING.

TO March's court the icy wind
Of Winter may some ingress find,
And through the half-closed door some snow
Perchance may blow :
No matter, flakes from Winter's storm
To Snowdrops March will soon transform.

And fragrant seas of Violets lave
The gates of Spring, and breezes have
Caught some sweet scent as through they
passed,

And Winter's blast
Itself, whilst chilling March's court,
With odours faint of Spring is fraught.

And paths of silver Daisies wove,
With Almond blossom twined above,
Lead straightway to the fair demesne
Of sun and rain,

And April's portals opened wide
Show realms by Primrose petals pied.

And orchard boughs, with white and red
Enwreathed, o'erhead are canopied,
And larks arise and gaily sing
 The praise of Spring,
And perfumed Lilacs line the way
Unto the glorious court of May.

And May's rich store of Hawthorn flowers
Her fastnesses in bloom embowers,
And all the air is redolent
 Of balmy scent,
And golden Cowslips spangle o'er,
And steep in sweets the sunlit floor.

And in the silent hours of night,
When sable hangings veil the light,
A song of saddest, sweetest notes
 Through May's court floats,
And Philomel the parables
Of love unto the darkness tells.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CI.

A SONG OF BATTLES.

OF fighting stock it is I come ;
On many a field my forebears fell ;
The Funeral-March, the muffled drum
Sounded my fathers' knell.
Where steel could do or valour dare
The Past beheld my forebears there.

Of fighting stock it is I come ;
A soldier's blood runs in my veins ;
What though mounts up misfortune's sum
My heart new courage gains.
In sorrow's sickness, pain's despite,
'Gainst heaviest odds, I still do fight.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CII.

OF WHEN MY HEART'S DESIRE WILL
QUIT MY PERTINACIOUS HEART.

WHEN Schiehallion's heights look down
On the streets of London town ;
When the Thames embankment hems
In the Lyon, not the Thames ;
When the White-Thorn and the Heather
Blossom in Hyde Park together ;
When I from my windows see
Not these shops but Amulree ;
When the lamp-posts put forth Whin
Will my heart's desire begin
Very slowly to depart,
For one moment, from my heart.

CIII.

OF BELLS.

THE Curfew and the Passing-bell are one,
Each tells of labour ended, rest begun.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CIV.

LYSIDICÈ.

YES, unto Love, Lysidicè is kind
Because Love is a child, a child and blind;
How should a heart so soft as hers gainsay
A child (quite blind) who with her fain would
stay?

CV.

APOLOGY FOR POETRY.

IF poets hold that song leads unto fame,
The skies of night the self-same creed pro-
claim,
And Lyra's stars in line direct shine down
'Twixt those of Pegasus and of the Crown.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CVI.

WHEN JUNE MEETS MAY.

LONG now the grass to harvest grows,
And droops beneath its weight ;
And tall green ears of Corn disclose
Promise of golden freight ;
And though the Cowslips scarce have gone,
And though the May-flower's here,
Again their buds Carnations don,
And Roses all appear,
And days when Lilies reign are swiftly drawing
near.

Ay, though the fragrant Cowslip's scent
Is scarcely off the land ;
Though still of May-flowers redolent
The Hawthorns proudly stand ;
The Summer Roses 'gin to blow,
And near draws that fair day
When Lilies will their petals show,
And hide their sheaths away
In all the joyous pride of silver-white array.

And as Spring links her emblems sweet
To those of Summer hours,
Hope and fulfilment too may meet
As Spring and Summer flowers ;
And so the gladdest time of all
Is the glad time of year,
When Hawthorns wear May's coronal,
And Roses all appear,
And days when Lilies reign are swiftly drawing
near.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CVII.

VINCIT QUI PATITUR.

ORCHARD blossoms perish ere
Boughs their luscious burdens bear;
Crushed the fruit is of the Vine
Ere is stored the ruddy wine;
Withered leaves the world bestrew
Ere the Spring makes all things new;
Death lays every Violet low
Ere the Roses 'gin to blow.

'Neath the sickle falls the Corn
Ere 'tis home in triumph borne;
Rain drops down from clouds on high
Ere the rainbow spans the sky;
Midnight's lovely star-light pales
Ere the glorious morn prevails.
After pain is peace most blest;
Hardest toil makes sweetest rest.

From

"Fancy's Fairings."

CVIII.

OF SUMMER AND WINTER WEATHER.

WHEN once again the year her promise
keeps,
And days and nights in sultry stillness steeps;
When seas of golden Corn the valleys fill
And dusky Roses are unfolding still
Sweet hidden fastnesses of fragrant fire,
Hushed into silence is the small birds' choir,
And withered leaflets, faded, sere, and brown,
Come dropping lightly 'mid the Roses down.

**When Winter's lusty breezes once more blow,
Tossing the barren branches to and fro;
When waters lie in silver fetters dight—
Bound by the white hands of the treacherous
Night—**

From out bare boughs brave throistle 'gins to
sing
The joyous lays of an approaching Spring,
And, smiling, Pan the sodden earth besets
With perfumed floods of lovely Violets.

**So hopes and fears for ever ebb and flow,
And so all times things sweet and bitter show.**

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CIX.

THE LAND OF LOVE.

LOVE is a precinct, not a god,
Starlit and paved with flower-sown sod.

Love is a maze, whose ingress lies
Secret from all but lovers' eyes.

Love is a song-beleaguered grove,
Where Philomel winds chants of love.

Love is a clime transfigured oft—
Storm, calm, fierce blasts and airs most soft.

(And blinding, baffling mists that rise
Veiling flowered lawns and starry skies.)

Love is a land beneath a spell,
Where fairies and magicians dwell.

From

"Fancy's Fairings."

CX.

OF PHILOMEL.

THE sweetness of the night is always there,
Shy Philomela only garners it
Together, and gives back unto the air
What in the book of night before was writ.
Who hears her voice hears in it no new song,
But one that does unto all time belong.

Pass out into the night when sound is stilled,
When overhead the sky with stars is strewn,
The silence is with floating cadence filled,
Which Philomela gathers into tune.
Who hears her voice hears in it no new song,
But one that does unto all time belong.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXI.
IN THE GARDEN.

BEHOLD how is the garden now most sweet
With garlands gay ;
Behold how blossoms fair come forth to meet
The touch of day ;
How, when from every dewy lawn
Night's dusky veil aside is drawn,
Fresh treasures with the morning's dawn
Our vision greet.

Behold how snowy Pinks have damasked o'er
The fragrant ground ;
How all around the silver-fretted floor
Are Roses bound ;
How Lilies silently unfold
Buds, in the purest whiteness stoled,
And blazoned with the fairest gold
Of Summer's store.

Behold how noontide's sultry beams enthrall
The languid hours ;
How, steeped in sunlight, full-blown petals fall
In dreamy showers ;
How sweet the leafy cloistered shade
Of alleys, in cool green arrayed ;
How fair the velvet sward, inlaid
With brightest flowers.

xcvi

And here, when tranquil stars to evening skies
Soft radiance give,
The past—in the still calm when daylight dies—
Does once more live;
And scent of flowerlets long since dead,
And hopes of Summer hours long fled,
And words that lips long mute have said
From death arise.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXII.

SONG.

ALL bliss that lies the poles between
I for thy treasury would glean ;
From rainbows, gems and fragrant flowers
Weaving the tissue of thine hours ;
Thy shadows should with stars be lit,
Thy dreams with sunbeams interknit,
And hopes should, Phœnix-like, arise,
If towards despair thou turn'dst thine eyes.

Throstle should sing or else be mute
As thou wouldst hear or hush his flute ;
And Philomel chant o'er again
At thy request her rapturous strain ;
Violets about thy bed should blow,
Deeming thy pillow some rare snow ;
And Lilies silver radiance shed
Through precincts moon-illuminèd.

From

"Fancy's Fairings."

CXIII.

TO A WILD RED ROSE.

VIVID as flames, those buds of thine
As tapers burn on Summer's shrine.
Fairest Wild-Rose, methinks thou art
The garden Roses' soul and heart:
Of quite gross clay they seem to be
Viewed by thy brave fragility.

CXIV.

**OF ONE WHO RALLIED BEFORE
THE END.**

RUDE Charon e'en, touched by such gentle
grace,
Urged her not roughly from the embarking place;
And having almost put off from the shore
Let her look back on those she loved once more.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXV.

TO LETTY.

AND as, dear Letty, thou wouldst learn
Why gold and silver show in turn,
Why silver spangles Spring's domain,
While Autumn's forests gold-dust rain,
Why orchards wear while wreaths in Spring,
In Autumn gold enamelling—
The reason I will now unfold :
Silver is speech, silence is gold,
And so with silver bloom Spring tires
Shy Philomel and throstle's choirs,
And when the sweet songs all are sung,
The silent aisles with gold are hung.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXVI.

THE LAMENT OF THE MASTER OF
RAVENSWOOD FOR LUCY ASHTON.

THOU hast lived and so must pay
Tribute to mortality;
Fire from thy sweet eyes has gone,
Thy soft hand has turned to stone;
Lips, that mine so oft did press,
Reck no longer my caress;
Heedless of the voice thou art
That, till now, enthralled thy heart.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXVII.
MADRIGAL.

THE past is as a Rose,
Whose faded petals are for ever sweet,
And doth in death disclose
A fragrance meet
To perfume the still chamber where
A heart holds all most sweet, most fair.
And Time's own hand made fast
The casement, long ago,
Against sad Autumn's blast,
Chill Winter's snow ;
And so the present cannot enter now
And steal its sweetness from that Rose,
The past.

CXVIII.
TO —.

YOU say you cannot face your life's distress
And I, alas, no cure for grief possess ;
But dormant courage may this thought awake—
Fate in the choice of tools makes no mistake :
Little the Master from a dullard asks
Before apt pupils setting arduous tasks.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXIX.

THINGS OF THE SOUL.

THINGS of the soul wouldst thou divine
Put earthly thoughts away :
The stars of Heaven they cannot shine
Through walls of worldly clay.

CXX.

AN EPITAPH.

UPON this world she did but look
From the mere threshold and depart,
Leaving, as an unopened book,
The secrets of the soul and heart ;
Passing away whilst yet the glow
Of loveliness she did possess,
Whilst still to love her was to show
A love of youth and loveliness,
And so ne'er knew that love can last
When loveliness and youth are past.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXXI.

**TO DIVES: IN A SOUTHERN
PROVINCE.**

GLADLY to you would I make o'er
A palace set in gardens grand.
Where Heather runs up to the door
And a wide stretch of mountain land
Delights mine eye, there would I be
From all your wealth, your splendour free.

To see Schiehallion's silvered height,
The sombre Pines, the Birchen-wood,
To look upon the starry night
And hear the sound of Lyon's flood
With me would more than compensate
For all your pomp, for all your state.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXXII.

MADRIGAL.

A S a foil sorrow is
Unto bliss.
Heightening light by darkening shade,
As silver pearl on sable laid.
Sharpest pain and bitterest grief
Serving to cast
Into more high relief
The mirth of childhood and the peace when all
life's pain is past.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXXIII.

TO —.

THE rain may fall, the wind may blow,
But I, day-dreaming, always see
Your Heather lit by sunset's glow
To scarcely earthly brilliancy :
Or should a storm-cloud dome your land
I picture it as rainbow spanned.

Some other path you may pursue,
Some studious aim, perchance, fulfil,
My fancy will but figure you
As by the burn and on the hill :
And tarnished does the moonlight seem
Beside the silver of that stream.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXXIV.

SONG IN SEPTEMBER.

SOME in cities may repine,
Such regrets would not be mine ;
'Twixt the Poles there is no sight
For your absence to requite—
Vintage scenes in southern lands,
Silver waters, golden sands,
Moors with purple Heather dyed,
Rainbows spanning prospects wide,
Sunsets firing Alpine snows
The last Roses Pan bestows—
I will scorn them when you come,
After your long wanderings, home.

CXXV.

OF MEMORY : MOTHER OF THE MUSES.

S AID I to Memory, "Thou dost too oft retain
That which but serves to bring sorrow to
life again.
"Twere wiser to let slip such seasons of distress,
To hold with firmer clasp the hours of happiness."
And thus she made reply, "Changeful my moods
must be,
Thalia is my child, so is Melpomene."

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXXVI.

TO —.

(With a gift of Autumn Violets.)

THE Violets of the Spring I send
Fit offering to fair-weather friend ;
For you, who gladden darkest hours,
Most meet are these sweet Autumn flowers.

CXXVII.

TO A. H.

(Who put to me the question.)

WHY is our power to feel so strong ?
Our power to do so slight ?
One to the finite does belong,
One to the infinite.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXXVIII.

TO —.

(On Heather's flower-love signification being solitude.)

A SOLITUDE *à deux* is best,
I think, by Heather bells expressed.

CXXIX.

TO PHILOMEL.

O PHILOMELA, Philomel
What is the story you would tell?
What is the sorrow that you seek,
And then, for sadness, fail to speak?
What is the pain you would convey
But, far too heart-sick, hide away?

Poor Philomela, Philomel,
Your listener knows your story well.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXXX.

WHEN THE YEAR IS WANING.

(From Corydon.)

LADIES fair, the end is near ;
Soon will lie upon its bier
Every lovely blossom here.
Posies e'en with which the year
Strives to hide her swift decay
Now must pass from us away,
And in death be laid beside
Flowerlets that in Summer died.
Zinnias, flashing fire's bright hue,
Marigolds, whose buds pursue
Golden Sol from east to west ;
Lilies, of all blossoms best
For the dying season's shroud ;
Daisies, to St. Michael vowed ;
Dahlias, set in order prim ;
Asters, loaded to the brim
With a weight of tears unshed ;
Hollyhocks, pink, white, and red—
Dainty columns wreathed with bloom—
Violets of rare perfume ;
Roses pallid, ay, and wan,
Yet so sweet !—all will have gone.
Ladies fair, the end is near :
Dying is the sylvan year.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXXXI.
MADRIGAL.

'N EATH leaden skies, o'er sodden grass
I saw a Sower pass.
"What seed," said I, "go you to sow
While rain falls fast, while chill winds blow?"
"To sow the seeds of bliss,"
Said he, "my purpose is.
Weal is no growth of golden days alone :
In saddest hours joy's seeds are oft-times sown."

CXXXII.
THE SACRED USE.

T HE body is the spirit's cell,
But 'tis the avenue as well
Charged, through the finite, to transmit
The message of the infinite.
'Tis by the aid of mortal eyes
That man immortal truths descries ;
'Tis by the aid of mortal ears
That he immortal tidings hears,
And by the help of every sense
May recognize God's providence.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXXXIII.

MY PEN'S PETITION.

I PRAY to fail if to succeed
Means faithlessness unto my creed.

CXXXIV.

OF FORTUNE.

WHEN on the pavement of the busy town
Soft sheets of snow had fallen lightly
down
Came Lazarus, that he might sweep away
The plumes that in the path of Dives lay.
But when his eager spade he'd plied awhile,
From out his clouds Dan Phœbus 'gan to smile :
'Neath the warm touch the snowflakes swiftly
fade,
And Lazarus crept home with useless spade.

Thus unto some Good plays Ill Fortune's part,
Kissing the cheek so best to stab the heart.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXXXV.
NIGHT.

AS spacious sails the great clouds cross and
cross
The star-strewn sky ;
Fierce winds the forest's stalwart branches toss
Unceasingly.
Above, and all around,
Night is awake with movement and with sound.
What is the message of the stormy hours
Obscurely lit ?
Of mighty clouds that moved by unseen powers
Through star-light flit ?
In darkness, as by day,
There is no pause in God's appointed way.

From
"Fancy's Fairings."

CXXXVI.
OF MELODIOUS SINGING-BIRDS.

(For distribution in bird-haunted places.)

BUSY birds in every wood
Now their parts perform ;
Winter's hardships they withstood,
Braving stress and storm.
Robin, Linnet, Chaffinch, Tit
Through Spring's golden sunlight flit ;
Throstles, birds of stately mien,
Thronging daisied lawns are seen ;
Larks for playground claim the sky,
Singing, soaring Phœbus nigh.

Birds, those birds whose merry strain
Still my fancy hears
Are the birds whose songs pertain
Unto other years.
Velvet sward and flower-sweet bough
Know those birds no longer now ;
Gone from pleasaunce, forest, field
Death their dulcet notes has sealed :
Birds, I pray you sing the praise
Of those birds of bygone days.

From
" *The Heart's Desire*," 1897,
by
Bethia Hardacre.

CXXXVII.

TO —.

YOU hold the key to every word I write,
The clue to every sentence I indite ;
For through each line, each page, there runs the
thread
Of that which you and I have thought and said.

CXXXVIII.

MADRIGAL.

SOME say that Love is sweet,
And some that Love is bitter,
To say both in Love meet,
Methinks, were surely fitter.
For Love
Doth move
The spirit's every issue to excess :
To sweetest sweetness, bitterest bitterness.

From
"The Heart's Desire."

CXXXIX.

TO —.

THE earth seemed but a path beneath thy
feet,
Which, treading, thou and I must surely meet ;
The sun and moon, the lamp of night and day,
To guide thee rightly on thy trysting-way :
Without thee, what a shadow-world this is,
From which all meaning and all sense I miss.

CXL.

OF TIME'S FLIGHT.

TIME only follows suit by rapid flight
Through hours when hope springs high
and hearts are light ;
Time only follows suit by lagging tread
When hope and happiness lie cold and dead :
Unto quick music bridal chariots go,
But mourning coach's pace is ever slow.

From

"The Heart's Desire."

CXLI.

MADRIGAL.

WHAT is laughter? 'tis a task
To be conned when hearts are aching.
What is jesting? 'Tis a mask
To be worn when hearts are breaking.
O my life, this hast thou taught me ;
Life, this knowledge thou hast brought me ;
This,
Whatsoever I forget, well I wis.

CXLII.

OF TWO TRAVELLERS.

I AM indifferent to you, and feel sure
Your safety and well-being are secure.
I love you, and ten thousand perils see,
Each one preventing your return to me.

From
"The Heart's Desire."

CXLIH.

WITH A GIFT OF MYRTLE AND
ROSEMARY.

MYRTLE and Rosemary to thee I give—
Of Love and Memory indicative—
For present service one, the other will
When I am gone its faithful part fulfil.

CXLIV.

TO —.

THOU art the Loadstar that doth draw
My thoughts from me ;
From present days and days of yore
They turn to thee ;
And from the future, e'en, a track
They find towards thee to wander back.

From
"The Heart's Desire."

CXLV.

**TO ONE WHO SAID THAT HEARTS
WERE NOT EASILY BROKEN.**

NOT easily, perhaps, but still
Craftsmen there be of wondrous skill,
Who, hour by hour, and day by day,
The part of the Heart-breaker play,
Till plain it is, by every token,
The heart, though hard to break, is broken.

CXLVI.

MADRIGAL.

SAY to me those words again,
Witchery therein is dwelling;
Sweeter than the sweet Birds' strain,
Music's melody excelling.
Viol, harp, and lute
Might for evermore be mute
Were the choice
'Twixt viol, harp, lute, and thy voice.

From

"The Heart's Desire."

CXLVII.

A SONG OF SORCERY.

IS there no way to soften Fate,
Remains there not one charm
By which we may her ire abate,
Her power for ill disarm?
Is Vervain, Monkshood, Hellebore
Of use in sorcery no more?

Surely some magic still doth lie
In Rosemary or Rue?
In Nightshade and black Bryony,
That once formed witches' brew?
Can Lunary and Mistletoe
No longer serve for weal or woe?

From

"The Heart's Desire."

CXLVIII.

DEDICATORY LINES.

TO thee I give all I have written here,
 Whate'er it be, however poorly writ;
Nor in the giving have I any fear,
 For thou wilt take as I do render it:
Not for a fancied worth, but as from me
Who, giving this, gives more than this to thee.

CXLIX.

A SAD SONG OF THE YEARS.

THINK'ST thou the New Year aught can
 bring
 When all the Old has ta'en away?
Think'st thou from tears and ashes spring
 Garlands of blossom gay?
Think'st thou 'tis from such deep regrets
 That Peace and Hope can come?
Ah, no. Spring hides her Violets
 Till Winter's winds be dumb.

From
"The Heart's Desire."

CL.
OF SORROW.

THINK not the sorrow that is deep to gauge
With the light plummet, idle hands employ,
Think not the fires of anguish to assuage
Nor feel the flames thou goest to destroy.

Who would come to others' aid
Must the price of grief have paid ;
Who would play the pilot's part
Must the way have got by heart ;
Who would be another's guide
Must by pain be qualified.

From
"The Heart's Desire."

CLI.
SEPARATION.

WITH work I would the time beguile,
Yet, whatsoe'er I do,
My heart will only wait the while,
Will only wait for you.
And so my heart my will frustrates,
For Time wanes slowly when a heart thus waits.

Yes, mind and hand perform their part,
You absent, all in vain,
They toil, but my expectant heart
Waits till you come again.
And so my heart my will frustrates,
For Time wanes slowly when a heart thus waits.

From
"The Heart's Desire."

CLII.

BEFORE A PAGAN ALTAR.

MY hopes, great Jove, I dedicate to thee :
Grant their fulfilment in return to me.

CLIII.

MADRIGAL.

SWEET and soft dreams, from me go,
Ye but heighten sorrow:
Sleeping bliss for waking woe
Sharper grief doth borrow.
Ah, when I wake
And ye upon sleep's rapid pinions take
Your flight,
How can I walk aright ?
Day seemeth darkest night,
Salt tears eclipse the light,
And I
But cry,
Death ! Night ! come speedily !

From

"The Heart's Desire."

CLIV.

DEFIANCE.

YOU may break me on the wheel,
You may grind me in the dust,
Not to you will I reveal
That which has my heart in trust.
You I hate, do I defie
To my spirit to come nigh.

'Tis not me you look upon ;
Of myself naught do you know,
But the harness that I don,
Swords to cross with bitterest foe.
You I hate, do I defie
To my spirit to come nigh.

From
"The Heart's Desire."

CLV.

TO ONE WHOSE LOVE LIES DYING.

FEAR Time, but fear not Death,
 O fearful Lover ;
Death will thy Love to thee for e'er bequeath.
 Time may discover
How love with Time weighs little,
And seeming trust, as crystal glass, is brittle.

Fear Time, but fear not Death,
 For Death is sealing
Thelipsfor thee from which their fragrant breath
 His touch is stealing.
Then fear not Death, O Lover ;
Time and not Death may flaw in her discover.

From
“The Heart's Desire.”

CLVI.

FAREWELL TO A——.

FAREWELL, since I must go
From this loved solitude,
Wherein does Nature show
Her loneliest, stillest mood.
This sky of vast expanse,
This waste of heathered hills,
This flood whose notes enhance
The calm the place distils,
Farewell, to you, I say;
I may no longer stay.

The time here is so brief
It goes in fevered quest
Of comfort for relief
Of future days unrest.
O quiet absolute,
O hills so lone and bare,
O silence wholly mute
Concerning life elsewhere,
Will ye not yield me some
Peace for the days to come?

From
"The Heart's Desire."

CLVII.

TO —.

SINCE thou art mute 'tis always Winter here,
So art thou harsher than the sylvan year;
For through her frosts we know the time must
come
When birds long silent are no longer dumb.

CLVIII.

TO —.

I GIVE to thee, and bid thee look
Sometimes at this my Vision-Book;
Its title-page is scored and scrolled
With starlight's silver, sunlight's gold;
Whole pages are with Roses dyed,
Whole leaves with Lilies glorified;
With Pansies—faithful thought—'tis bound,
With Lavender—love—tied around;
Its name is, Recollection
Of days that now are passed and gone.

From
"The Heart's Desire."

CLIX.

TO —.

MY thoughts I would a garden make
In which you may your pleasure take ;
And find repose and solace when
You weary of the ways of men.

And so my mind I fain would store
With blossom-fragrant old-world lore
And every fair and quaint device
Of antique floral Paradise.

From

"The Heart's Desire."

CLX.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

OUT of the past, I wind a wreath for you,
And, firstly, string together Violets blue,
Plucked in the dawn and glistening with the dew.

To these I link a strand of Roses white
Whose petals caught and crystallized the light
Cast by the stars one dreamy Summer night.

The bloom of purple Heather then I add,
Holding the hue the moor at sunset had
In all the mystic glow of Heather clad.

Next scarlet berries of so gay a dye
That they the yule-logs' flaming fires outvie
Do I entwine, and to the garland tie.

And then, to crown this Christmas gift, I place
A scroll on which your name in gold I trace
Where Heather and white Roses interlace.

From
"The Heart's Desire."

CLXI.
TO —.

WHEN I am dying stand beside my bed
And close the door so none but you come
nigh ;
And say to me once more what once you said,
And kiss me once more as a last Good-bye.
Then, though my eyes be dim, my voice be gone,
Death I shall deem does for life's pain atone.

CLXII.
WITH CHARON.

"CHARON, one favour do I ask of thee—
Ferrying my Love o'er Styx take also me."
"Not so, my boat needs ballast. Thou and he
Together too light-hearted, far, would be."

From
"The Heart's Desire."

CLXIII.

FLOWER OF MY HEART.

FLOWER of my heart, if but we were together
Little I'd reck whatever did betide;
Sunshine and storm, Summer and Winter
weather
Were one to me if thou wert at my side.

Flower of my heart, I am so sick of sorrow;
Griefs deeper fret the longer they abide,
Each weary day leads to a wearier morrow,
The weary nights the weary days divide.

From

"The Heart's Desire."

CLXIV.

DREAM-TRYST.

I FAIN would of that country hear
Wherein you are a sojourner ;
That land of dreams, dreams of my own,
Of which you've ta'en possession ;
That land, by sleep when thither led,
I find by you is tenanted.

Tell me, whence leads that Rose-lit road
That, dreaming, I with you have trod ?
In what dread region did I see
You turn in sternest wrath from me ?
Where were we when you said you knew
All that I cannot say to you ?

Naught do I know of sleep's domain
Save I am there with you again ;
Each dusky haunt, each shadowy space,
To me is but a trysting-place ;
And I would learn all you can tell
Of precincts in which now you dwell.

From
"The Heart's Desire."

CLXV.

LULLABY.

DEAREST, sleep, the while the strings
Of Apollo's lyre I press;
Softest, sweetest whisperings
Shall thy dreams caress.
Where the Pine-groves clothe dim mountains,
Where the Moon-lit silver fountains
Mark the time
With their chime,
I will lead thee on;
Deeming,
Dreaming
Bliss has come and grief has gone.

From

"The Heart's Desire."

CLXVI.

DIRGE.

DO not strive to raise her up,
She would fain be lying there.
Deep she drank of sorrow's cup
Ere she won that flower-strewn bier :
Wouldst thou rouse her yet again
For renewal of her pain ?

Do not speak : she feared so much
At thy voice she might awake.
Draw not near : she thought thy touch
E'en this still, white sleep might break.
Life no haven has for her
Sweet as death's calm sepulchre.

From
"The Heart's Desire."

CLXVII.

VITA IN MORTE.

AS music still can linger in the ear
When we no longer hear the dulcimer ;
As that is ours we garnered from the book,
When on its pages we no longer look ;
So Death may close the tome, the lute lay down,
And still the soul we loved remains our own.

From

"The Heart's Desire."

CLXVIII.

"ALL ENDS IN SONG."

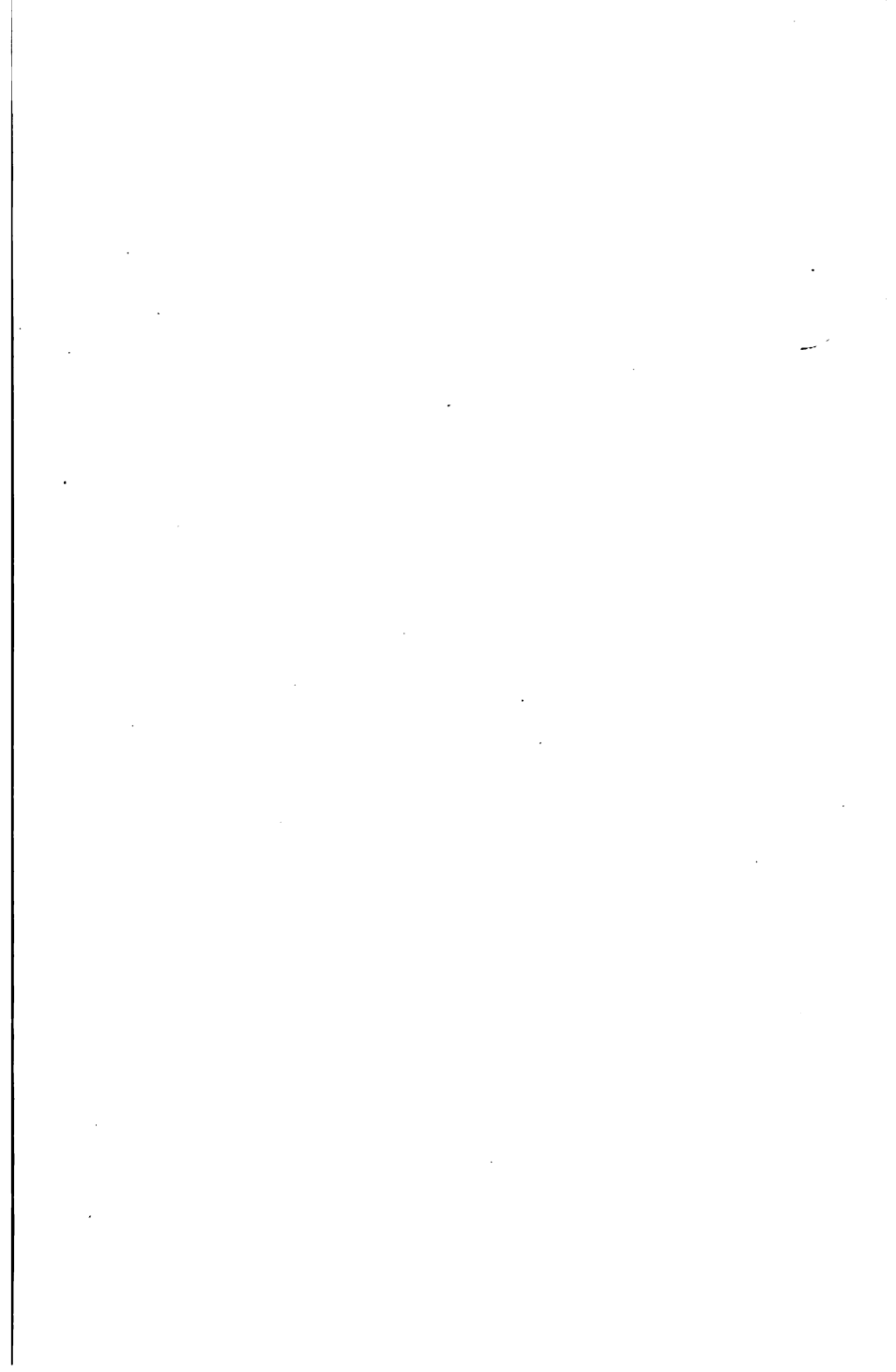
ALL ends in song—love, and the old, old story
Of souls long chastened by untoward fate ;
All ends in song—fame, and the hero's glory,
The pomp of kings, the pageants of the state ;
All ends in song—love, honour, bliss, and woe,
The glad heart's thrill, the sad heart's bitter
throe.

All ends in song—the doing and undoing,
The taken fortress, and the lost campaign ;
The patient waiting, and the hot pursuing,
The pride of life, the peril and the pain ;
All ends in song—love, honour, bliss, and woe,
The glad heart's thrill, the sad heart's bitter
throe.



**CHISWICK PRESS:—CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.**

382
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MAY 1 1951

